

Dear everything.

Today I witnessed a crucifixion in pink and lavender and gold.

I've heard people say that beauty is in details,

but I don't think they have ever seen you.

There were mortal wounds inflicted on the sky

and incriminating blue stains on my shirt.

The shirt you bought for me.

Christ it hurts.

Like stars in my belly going supernova.

I feel like a zombie that refuses to live.

Haunting the junkyards and cutting myself on scraps of you.

The other day I masturbated to pictures of you at your birthday party.

They were the only ones I still had.

It felt so wrong, just like my life.

I hope I'm dead by the time you read this. I love you.